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ENGLAND TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

A REVIEW BY PROF. PAUL CHAIX, GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.

Through England on a side saddle in the time of William and Mary, being the Diary of Celia Fiennes. Edited by the Hon. Mrs. Griffiths. Field and Tuer, Leadenhall, London, 1889. (*Privately Printed.*)

The writer of this Diary was the daughter of Colonel Nathaniel Fiennes, a Parliamentary officer, and was sister of the third viscount Saye and Sele. She lets us know that "her Journeys were begun to regain her health by variety and change of air and exercise, and wrote down her remarks not likely to fall into the hands of any but her near relations, there needs not much to be said to Excuse or recommend it, being well aware of its *defect* in all, so they will not expect politeness in this book, only insisting on the opportunity of having many imitators among such gentlemen who are reckoned apt to perform the duties of magistrates and members of parliament in the gen^l service of their country, and would not be the worse for having studied their own country as she has done for diversion."

The editor, the Hon. Mrs. Emily W. Griffiths, herself a kinswoman of Celia Fiennes, being a daughter of the present 13th baron Saye and Sele, says in an Introduction that she copied the MS. verbatim because she believes any alteration would spoil its quaint originality.

We are indeed inclined to ascribe to the writer worse than mere quaintness. When we bear in mind that she was a contemporary of Madame de Sévigné, we are sorry to acknowledge that the fair sex in England was a step behind that of France, a defect amply redeemed in our present time.

There is but one date mentioned in Celia Fiennes' MS., namely, 1697. Another clue to its chronology is the description of Queen Anne's coronation and the frequent mention of William and Mary as sovereigns entitled to the gratefulness of the nation. She speaks of the metropolis as knowing it well, and allows us to guess that her regular residence was Newtontony, eight miles from Salisbury (Wiltshire).

The Diary opens with a description of *Sarum* or *Salsbury*, rebuilt after the destruction of Old Sarum by fire, on a low ground irrigated by "a little rivulet of water which makes the streetes not so clean or so easaye to pass in." "The cathedral, notwithstanding its want of a Rising ground to stand on y^e steeple is seen many miles off.—The top of the Qoire is exactly painted, and it looks as fresh as if but new done though of three hundred yeares' standing.—There is many good monuments there one all free stone for the lord Georg (name untold), his effiges and ladyes att length on a bed in their Robes and ruffs on pillows, and y^e four pillars are twisted and over it Angels, figures of birds, beasts, flowers and leaves very fine, there sits Justice wth y^e ballance in her hand, one scale laying over the other twisted looks very natural and well, with y^e wreathed work all in free stone with their Armes cut about in Escutcheons all about it ; the other is a monument for the Duke of

Summerset all in marble, a large bed his Effigee in garment and ruff all in Coullours, his lady the same only she is laid one step above him because she was Daughter of the Dowager of ffrance (Mary Tudor, the widow of Louis XII) and sister to Henry y^e 7th (8th) of England by her second husband Charles Brandon Duke of Suffolk.—There is the effigee in stone off a doctor that starved himself to death attempting to imitate our Saviour to fast 40 dayes—but at 31 dayes end he became sensible of his evil and would have retrieved his life by eating againe, but then by the Just judgment of god could not swallow any thing down his throate.”

So much for the author's style, a contemporary of the Princess Palatine, of the *Grande Mademoiselle* of Orleans-Montpensier and of Madame de Sévigné. She takes us hence, a distance of three miles, to Wilton, “a little village only supported by the Earle of Pembroke while lives there and has a very ffine house with large Courts one within another.—there is a drawing roome with Anti-roome, y^e wanscoat is painted with the whole History of the *Acadia* romance made by S^r Philip Sidney, brother to y^e then Countess of Pembroke and Composed by him in y^e fine woods above y^e house.” Then follows a minute description of that lordly residence and its outhouses with especial tribute of admiration to the recurrence of the childish trick of aspersing the earl's guests with “showers of rain all about y^e rooms,” the table, in grottoes and even to the entrance of their bedroom.

The continual recurrence in the description of the inner parts of mansions of the word whainscoting under the old shape of whanscoating puts us in mind of the

German word Wand, a wall, as the possible etymology of the now adopted word. In her prodigious and really confused minuteness of description of railings, courts, outhouses, stables, stairs, hangings, tapestries, yards, closets of all descriptions and carpetting, she names but once a "parlour for smoaking," and but once also the illustrious authors of the numerous collections of *fine paintings* adorning the mansions she has visited. Sir Godfrey Kneller is mentioned as the author of many portraits of the ladies who had adorned the court of Windsor.

Her description of Bath in the first pages (12) of the Diary gives us a faithful and complete picture of that place of resort, quite as fashionable in 1695 as it is now, but where the bathers had not yet been subjected to the code of *Beau Nash*. Their manners, then much the same all over Europe, put us in mind of the rather slovenly baths at Louèche. Miss Celia Fiennes was once a witness of much municipal pageantry in the town of Bath, and gives us a full account of the festivals which put a whole population in motion. She is all along partial to descriptions of the watering places, which she calls *spaws*, spread all over England, many of which have now fallen into neglect and oblivion; she speaks of them as a customer, and fully describes the manner of bathing or drinking those mineral waters. She does full justice to Tunbridge (p. 102), Harragate (Harrowgate) (p. 69), Marsborough (Knaresborough), as well as to Alford (p. 11), Horwood in Buckinghamshire (p. 22), Astrop "steel waters," (p. 25), Barnet (p. 99). By a curious contradiction a chapter at the end of her Diary under the head of "Epsome," mentions every place in Surrey ex-

cept Epsom. Her first journey, limited to a few of the southern counties of England, enabled her to describe Winchester, to which she does ample justice, without, however, mentioning the events of which it was the theatre. The ancient abbey of Beaulieu, in the New Forest, called by her Bewley, is scarcely mentioned; but the duties and especially the perquisites of all the keepers and rangers of the New Forest are given at length. She thence crosses to the Isle of Wight, where Carisbrook Castle is mentioned (p. 41) as the "retreat" (not as the prison) of King Charles I. "when he was worsted by Parliaments forces."

The description of the modest and quiet town of Chichester (p. 30) would be deemed exact to this day, with its four streets meeting at the gothic pile called the *Cross*, a most elegant structure, which seems to have been a very common ornament of most of the English cities. But the author says (p. 29) that the market cross at Abington (Berkshire) "is the finest in England, its all of free stone and very lofty," a compliment, however, which she pays to several other more northern cities. She gives Chichester estuary credit for lobsters and crabs whose glory is long gone, and to its Gothic cathedral for a tower ascended by 260 odd steps, and for "severall effigies of marble and allabasters of the bishops of the place and one of the Earle of Arundell and his Lady." She says she "went through more of Sussex w^{ch} is much in blind and dark Lanes and up and down Steepe hills, through Arundell parke, belonging to the Duke of Norfolk," a rather erroneous account. She mentions also in the neighborhood of West Sussex a gentleman's house praised "for the great number of yew trees cutt

close in several green alleys," a feature which might be identified in the neighboring park of Goodwood, save for the unimpaired beauty of its trees.

If she is liable to blame for her unexplained silence about Arundel Castle, the famous seat of Roger de Bellesme, baron of Montgomery, Celia Fiennes makes amend by indulging in minute descriptions of insignificant mansions provided they be "new and neat," and we will, at the risk of being tedious to the reader, pick out (p. 23) a few pages on Sir John St. Barbe's insignificant mansion at Rumsey, 6 miles from Southampton : "You enter a Court thats wall'd in and blew Iron gates. The Court has a round in the Middle rail'd in, designed for a Bowling Green, and the Coaches drive round it to Come to the Entrance w^{ch} is severall stone steps to a Broad Space that is rail'd wth Balls and Banisters: the Space is paved with broad free stone the Stepps the same 8 or 10. The house is a halfe Roman H. Y^e hall is in the Middle wth double doores, its very lofty and large ther's a Chimney just against the Entrance on the Right hand, runns in an Entry through the house to the back yard, where are the offices. Still house and Barnes and Coach houses and a very fine Stable built of Brick—there are large partitions. In this Entry you have the pantry and Cellars and on the other side y^e Kittchin Larders and pastry w^{ch} is one wing of the house and just behind the hall is y^e Servants hall and a Little parlour just by the pantry and back stairs. Then the great hall is divided in halfe by the staircase, w^{ch} hangs on its own work not supported on Either side, to the first half pace and all the way up without Support, on the one Side they are of oake, the railes and

banisters are varnished. The halfe paces are Inlaid with yew wood w^{ch} looks a yellowish red" The reader will forgive us for stopping here to draw our breath, although we are depriving him of two more pages of this style, and of an endless enumeration of more rooms, parlours, stairs and backstairs, of closets, velvet hangings, screens, dining-rooms, kitchens, gardens and kitchen gardens, garrets and waterworks, of spouts all mingled together in unutterable confusion with full display of the author's wonderful powers of sight and observation. She passes unnoticed such places as Pomfret, Warwick Castle and the ruins of Kenilworth, and the names of those who have dwelt within their walls. It might be expected that a lady living in affluence, such as allowed her to spend her leisure in so much travelling, would have qualified herself for the laudable task she had assumed by a study easier in her time than it is to us. But we must make up our mind to acknowledge that in her architectural notions, no building was worthy of admiration that was not stamped with the then prevailing style of the ill-named *Renaissance*, which she calls the *London manner*, and that she would have lent her hand to pull down what survived of those remnants of the Middle Age, which we now admire and which had recently undergone the consequence of the civil wars, and the heavy hand of Cromwell and Waller's fanatical soldiers.

In her excursion to Corfe Castle and the so-called *Isle* of Purbeck in Dorsetshire we read a description of the works at some copper mines now exhausted, and of the process used to convert the ore into copperas like "sugar candy." The author always seriously attends

with better success to explanations of industrial matters. Her description of the Stoneage or Stonidge (Stonehenge) "one of the wonders of England that stands on Salsebury Plaine," leads to the mention of some similar megalithic remnants of less note, such as the "Mottstones that stand by the sea-side in the Isle of Wight," (on the south-west coast) and at Rowle-stone near Brampton, a few miles west of Oxford "where are many such great stones."

Oxford is described at great length (p. 24-29) and not without interest, in a way that allows us to make a comparison with the present state of that sanctuary of learning. The writer does full justice to the pleasant site of the city and to the particulars of its 18 colleges and 6 halls, inasmuch as she claims William of Wickham, the founder of the New College, as one of her ancestral kinsmen, and was very handsomely entertained there, the number of the Fellows amounting to about one hundred. She praises the beauty of the theatre located in the middle of the colleges, two of which were called the Devil and Belial (Baliol) colleges. The first rank is ascribed to Christ Church College, and "in one of the Courts is a tower new built for to hang the *Mighty Tom*, that bell is of a large size, so great a Weight they were forced to have engines from London to raise up to the tower." Miss Fiennes confesses that the Library occupying 2 or 3 rooms "is old and a little disregarded.—There was a very odd custom In Queen College, for every New Years day to give to every Gentleman fellow of the College a few needles and thread with these words: Take this and be thrifty."

A number of pages (99-114) are employed in an

account of her *Journey to Canterbury and Dover*. She there mentions a ferry across the Thames then existing between Gravesend and the fort of *Tilberry* where "the Thames was very Rough and Deep, the Boy was then afloat on the Nore"; and while crossing the Medway at Rochester she gives it the title of "the finest River she ever saw.—The Bridge at Rochester is the finest in England—nay its said to equal any in the world—it is not built upon with houses as London Bridge but it is very long and fine with nine large arches." There is no mention, however, of the dock-yards and naval establishment at Chatham and Sheerness. Her full description of the cathedral at Canterbury is completed by that of an underground chapel: "Under the cathedrall is a Large Church just like S^t Ffaiths under S^t Pauls in London; this is given to the Ffrench protestants in the town for the worshipping God, it holds a vast number of people, its so well arched that they cannot hear them in the cathedrall when singing." Canterbury was indeed the seat of a numerous colony of French refugees who had introduced manufactures of silk in a prosperous state, where she saw many "loomes working severall fine flower'd silks." To the same origin was due the working of "paper mills w^{ch} dispatches paper at a quick rate, they were then making brown paper wⁿ I saw it. The mill is set a going by the water and at y^e same tyme it pounded the rags to mortar for y^e paper, and it beate out meale and Hemp and ground bread altogether."

Then follows an accurate description of Dover and all the Cinque Ports on the Straits of Dover, of *Warworth* (Walmer) Castle, since the official residence of the Duke of Wellington, of Dover Castle "standing on the Edge

of a very steep hill on w^{ch} you ascend up to y^e tower 120 steps, whence you discover Callice (Calais) in Ffrance, in some Clear Dayes towards the evening you may see the towers and buildings of Callice." Crossing two arms of the sea now silted up, she entered the Lybertys of Winchelsea which stands on a hill. "Remaines of Churches and Halls are to be seen but Else grass grows now where Winchelsea was. There are but a very few houses now, but its y^e ancientest corporation in England, so y^t should Lord Mayor of London meete M^r Mayor of Winchelsea he must give him place: it was as flourishing place before the sea Left it that was in England."

The account of Miss Fiennes' journey to Canterbury and Dover is completed by a full description of the hop-yards, the fruit and eatable products of that fruitful county, of the mineral waters of Tunbridge Wells (which she "dranke many years with great advantage"), of the way they are used by patients, of the "many good buildings and Lodgings that makes them very Cheape, Shoppes of all sorts and full of toys, Silver, china, milliners, curious wooden ware were numerous. There were also severall good taverns at the walks and all about to supply good wine and Brewhouses for beer and Bakers for Bread."

Then comes mention of Dorken (Dorking) in Surry where are the best trouts in the river, and she closes by merely summing up (p. 108) the number of miles she has travelled, amounting to 1045; and this seems to have been her principal care and aim.

The page 48 begins with the following words: *Here begins my northern Journey in May, 1697*, a title which however, leads the reader to the Eastern Counties of

England, setting out with "Andly end (Audley End) a house of the Earle of Sussex w^{ch} makes a Noble appearance Like a town so many towers and buildings off stone within a parke w^{ch} is walled round. The roomes are Large and Lofty with good Rich old ffurniture tapestry, but No beds in that part we saw. There are 750 (150?) Rooms in the house."

Epping is passed unheeded. She describes the county of Essex as a thriving country and "the whole town of Colchester employed in spinning, weaving, washing, drying and dressing their Bays in which they seeme very Industrious. Great quantities are made here and sent in Bales to London. Colchester is a large town in the compass of Ground. Fformerly there was 16 Churches tho' now much of it is ruined (p. 115, 116). The town Lookes Like a thriveing place by the substantiall houses and well pitched (paved) streets w^{ch} are broad Enough for two coaches to go a breast, besides a pitched walk on Either side. Y^e low grounds all about y^e town are used for the whetening their Bayes. It is also famed for Exceeding good oysters."

Next to Colchester Miss Fiennes visited Ipswich, "a town that Looks a Little disregarded though their streets of a good size are well pitch'd with small stones." By Enquiry she found it to be "through pride and sloth."—"Thence to Wickham 5 miles, but These are all very long miles." The 36 miles after leaving Ipswich she found Exceedingly Long miles (p. 118), and after entering Norfolk she found "the miles much longer than most miles in Yorkshire." She then entered by a Long Causey (causeway) and a Large stone bridge the city of Norwich "walled round full of towers

and surrounded with Low grounds Employ'd to Bleach their woollen stuff the manufacture of the place.—The walls seeme y^e best in repaire of any walled Citty I Know with Carving and Battlements and Towers Lookes well. There are 12 gates in all and 36 churches.” Celia Fiennes ascribes the well-deserved prosperity of that important city to its manufactures of *Crapes, Callimanies and Damaskes*, originating with the presence of French Protestant refugees and numerous Dissenters, who have founded schools, hospitals and many charitable institutions.

Leaving Norwich she arrived at Euston hall, the Seat of the Duke of Grafton, and revels in a long and profuse description of the Castle and the pictures she saw there; “one was y^e Dutchess of Cleavelands pictured in a sultanness dress, the Duke of Grafton being King Charles y^e seconds base son by her.”

At Bury Saint Edmunds she did not see (p. 125) any remains of the renowned abbey but a fine gate and some remnants of the walls.—She thence entered the county of Cambridge and went to the residence of admiral Russel, “now lord Orfford,” who fought the French fleet at La Hogue.

Nine-tenths of her so-called Northern journey were performed on horseback on account of the state of the roads which are generally called *lanes*, very narrow, very deep (muddy), crossing commons at long distances from each other, through a moorish (marshy) country; a well-deserved reproach at a time when Sir John Rennie had not made his appearance, and when the great works undertaken by the unlucky Vermuyden had been partly destroyed.—Ramsey mere and *Whitlome*

Mer (Whittlesea Mere) are not passed unnoticed and the city of Ely, as well as most of the lands of Lincolnshire are represented as surrounded with "Watery ditches" and flooded lands, the remains of those which had concealed the brave Hereward and the Camp of Refuge.

Celia Fiennes met with many *dessenters* in Essex and at Ipswich, which reminds us of the few faithful followers of John Wyclif's doctrine who were still extant in those parts at the time of Henry VIII. She is also careful to mention the existence of numerous "dessenters" and meeting houses in Yorkshire, Lancashire, Cornwall and Devonshire. Next to Cambridge follows a visit to the very old city of Ely and its beautiful cathedral adorned with statues "Very proper," in dress (p. 128) finding unfurnished the bishop's palace, "as the prelate does not care to make a long stay there, on account of the unhealthy site of the town."

What she admires in the elegant mansion of Lord Sandwich at Huntingdon is the *ffretwood* in the ceiling of the dining room carved with Irish oak, because "this wood no spider will weave on or endure." But she objects to a want of clothes in a fine picture of Venus hung over one of the Chimneys. The same objection is repeated three pages farther on to very fine pictures adorning the sumptuous residence of the Marquess of Exeter in Burley (Burleigh) house at Stamford, "but they were all without Garments or very little, that was the only fault, the immodesty of the Pictures, especially in My Lords apartment." Burleigh house draws from the pen of our admiring traveller pages of description and praise, first for its site, which is "the finest she

ever saw, on the Edge of a hill," and especially for its luxurious furniture. "My Lord's Bedchamber was furnished very Rich the tapestry was all blew Silke and Rich gold thread, so that the Gold appeared for the Light part of all y^e Worke. There was a blew velvet bed with gold ffringe and very Richly Embroidered, all the Inside with ovals on the head piece and tester, where the figures are so finely wrought in satten stitch it Looks Like painting. There is also My Lady's apartment severall Roomes very Richly ffurnished and very ffine Tapestry with Silver and Gold in Most; there was at least four velvet beds 2 plain and 2 figured—Crimson-green—Severall Coullours together in one; severall damaske beds and somè tissue beds all ffinely Embroydered. My Lady's Closet is very ffine, the Wanscoate of the best Jappan, the Cushons very rich work: there is a great deale of ffine Worke under Glasses and a Glass case full of all sorts of curiosyties of Amber ston Currall and a world of ffine things." We will not follow the author in the over-full and confused description of the drawing-room and of the twenty other rooms; for, "there are at least 20 roomes very Large and Lofty that are all painted on the top; there are at least 20 on the other side of the house all with different ffrett work on the ceiling, besides almost as many more roomes that are a building.—The great variety of the roomes took me up two full hours to go ffrom one roome to another over the house. The bowling-green, Wilderness, nor Walke I was not in, being so great a tract of ground; it is esteemed the ffineest house and situation that is in England and will be *very compleate when ffinish'd.*" We must give the author credit

for her quickness of perception. She travelled next to the old city of Lincoln, covering a very high and vast hill crowned by the "Minster very perspicuous and Eminently in view a great many Miles off. The tower, that Great Thoms nest, is 250 steps up, 8 persons may very well stand up in the hollow of the bell together, its as much as a man can reach to the top of the bell with his hand when he is in the Inside; its rarely Ever rung but only by Ringing the Clapper on each side.—The Sea has formerly come up to the town and y^{re} has been very deep water where now great part of the town is built" (p. 55).

Celia Fiennes entered next the county of Nottingham, acknowledging the beauty of the Forest of Sherwood and that of the river Trent, "tho' not so broad as the Thames is at Kingston." She mentions the park of Welbeake (Welbeck) a seat of the Duke of Newcastle, the former abbey and mannour Worsup (manor of Worksop), "a very fine pile of buildings built by a Coeheir of the Devonshire house," without any notion of the title of Earl Marshal of the Kingdom vested in the possessor of that Manor, and owned by the Dukes of Norfolk. She takes leave of it with the following remark: "The gardens are very neate and after the London Mode, of Gravel and Grass walks and Mount, and the Squaires with dwarfes and Cyprus (cypress) ffrise and all sorts of Greens and fruite trees, holly trees, box and ffilleroy ffinely cut. I Eate good fruite there." Hampton Court is her favorite type of architecture "had it only been completed by the good queen Mary." The roofs of mansions are frequently termed *Leads* and *Ledes*, which shows that

lead was beginning to take the room of tiles and *slatts* (slates) in the roofing of opulent houses. Timber was still employed in most of the buildings of the southern parts of the kingdom, stone being exceptionally mentioned, as is also flint, as giving a dark appearance to some of the buildings of the town of Norwich.

Bridges were commonly built of stone and very high above the level of the water, which she takes as an indication of the powerful floods in the northern counties. Rivers are seldom named and often misspelt. The Nene flowing by Northampton and Peterborough she names *Lin*. "Bedford its washed by the River Ouse which Comes from Buckingham till it reaches York." She locates Manchester on the rivers Uval or Ouall and Shark (Irwell and Irk). Similar errors are repeated on the Scotch borders, where the Esk is called Essex and the Eden *Emount*. But, although she pays due attention to the nature of the soil, be it clay, chalk, sand or stone, her greatest concern is the presence and actual tasting of fish, crawfish, lobsters, in all the waters she meets with, and their degree of excellence. On two occasions, however, she passes by (p. 51, 131) Shilton (Stilton) in the county of Huntingdon, without mentioning the delicious cheese which gives it now its well-deserved renown, adding (p. 97): "I eate a great quantity of y^e Red Coralina Bedford Goosbery."

Impressed with due admiration of the beauty and fertility of the country around Nottingham Miss Fiennes says that "the Manufacture of the Town mostly consists in weaving of stockings w^{ch} is a very ingenious art. Nottingham is also ffamous for good ale, so for Cellars, they are all dug out of the Rocks and so

are very Cool. Att y^e Crown Inn is a Cellar of 60 stepps down, all in the Rock Like arch work over your head : in y^e Cellar I dranke good ale." The town is described as built with good sized, well paved streets, and Nottingham Castle seems to have been still kept as a royal residence, standing on a very high hill, with a flight of 40 steps to the court and hall. The state rooms were lofty, wainscoted with cedar and hung with rich tapestries and embroidery. In one of them was received the Princess Anne when she fled from her father James II. "From the Leads (roofing) and at a distance we see Beavior (Belvoir) castle the Earle of Rutland's house," in Leicestershire.

From the description of Leicester let us take her visit to St. Martin's Church, where she "saw Hyrick's tomb who was Major of the town and was married to one wife 52 years in all, w^{ch} tyme he buried neither man, woman or child tho's most tymes he had 20 in his family, his age was 79 and his widow 97 at her death, she saw 162 of her posterity together." As a rare mention of historical events, she notes the field of Bosworth where King Richard III. lost his life, and Narsby (Naseby) where was the great battle fought between King Charles y^fst and the Parliament of England, and then came to Woolseley where she stayed six weeks at Sir Charles Woolseley's, married to one of her aunts, and "found plenty of crawfish the sweetest and Largest she had seen anywhere, trouts, eeles, tench, perch which Eates in perfection." The sojourn at Wolseley, many times repeated, gave her opportunities to become acquainted with the neighboring counties under her relation's guidance and to get a full

knowledge of all the *Seven Wonders of Staffordshire*. The Diary carries the reader to the many curiosities of the Peak, Chatsworth, Buxton, the marble quarries, mines of copper and spar, Haddon hall, Poole's hole, Elden hole. It cannot be denied that, notwithstanding her vulgarity and matter of fact turn of mind, the authoress was endowed, though to a less degree, with a leaning to the observation of the beauties of a landscape ; but the quaint descriptions she gives do not depict them and impart to her reader a share of her enjoyment. In the few stiff lines (p. 199) which give an account of her visit to the Duke of Beaufort's house at Babington (Gloucestershire) we must acknowledge that she shows some sensibility to natural beauties. Her description of Chatsworth, the Duke of Devonshire's residence, does not tally with its present splendors, and she always goes astray among *whanscoating*, hangings, embroideries, carvings, kitchen gardens, orchards, pantries (without giving us an insight into the way of living), hunting of the owners ; and she revels in long straight alleys of dwarf trees, cyprus trees, " rows of Ewe (yew) trees very uniform and Cutt neatly."

Her descriptions of landscape picture to us extensive walled-in parks, and long *lanes* instead of roads, *impossible* (impracticable) for coaches, narrowly enclosed between hedges, or quicksets which she calls *enclosures*.

Among the numerous gentlemen's seats we read of Kamwood and *Boudesworth*, both the property of Lord Paget ; under the last name we are fain to guess Beaudesert in Staffordshire, the seat of the marquess of Anglesey, the head of the Paget family.

To one of her other trips attaches a far less heroic as-

sociation, but of more present interest. After a stay at Chester, Celia Fiennes was taken across the Dee to a place on the borders of the Welsh county of Flint, the residence of a clergyman named D. Percival, whose wife was a relation of hers. "His parish was eight miles in Extent and two lordships in it, and y^e ruins of two great Castles in it remains." She calls it *Harding*, a misspelling under which we must recognize the seat of Mr. Gladstone, Hawarden Castle, pronounced *Hården*. Celia Fiennes was thence taken by her kinswoman to Flint, which she declares (p. 149) "a very Ragged place, many villages in England are better." She was on her way to St. Winifred's Well, called Holywell, which she describes at length as being much resorted to, especially by Papists, both as a healing and a sanctifying station. "It was a Session Tyme at Flint wⁿ I was there w^{ch} shewed it at its prime," and she remarks that during her numerous visits to all sorts of places in the Kingdom she very often has the chance of arriving on market days or during the festivals, pageantry, sessions of courts, electioneering, etc. At Richmond, in Yorkshire, "I met with the Clutter of the Choosing Parliament men" (p. 184).

We will attempt to establish a comparison of the infant state of the mining industry, borrowed from her numerous remarks on that favorite topic. Besides the copper mines in Dorsetshire and coal mines in the neighborhood of Salisbury, now exhausted, coal mines were worked in Flintshire (p. 151)—coal from Warwickshire was carried to Worcester on sledges—coal mines were found on arriving at Shrewsbury (p. 109) and at Chesterfield in Derbyshire (p. 77). She says of Wiggon (Wigan) in Lancashire, "there is that ffine channel coale

are in perfection, burns as light as a candle." The coal trade of Newcastle was paramount, as it is to this day under the name of *sea-coal*, and during Celia Fiennes' visit to the port of Scarborough in Yorkshire, 70 ships were seen in the offing sailing as colliers towards the Tyne (p. 73). In her frequent recurrence to the topic of coal mines of Staffordshire, she decidedly elucidates, and is decisive on the question of the orthography of the name of the famous *candle*, *channel* or *cannel coal*. "Not farre from hence (Wolselęy) they have y^e mines of the fine sort of Coale that is hard and will be polished like black marble for salts or boxes, y^e only difference, it will not bear the fire as marble does. This is y^e pitt coale, y^s cloven and burns like a candle and makes white ashes Like y^e Scotch coale. The same sort is in Nottinghamshire (p. 90). Their fewel is altogether Coales w^{ch} indeed are very good and plenty, you might have a load for 3 or 4 shillings brought home that would serve a poor mans family y^e winter. Its in great pieces and so Cloven burns light so as the poorer sort works by it and so it serves for heate and light : its very shining Coale all about this country tho' they Complaine they have lost the vein of the best sort which they have still in Wales and Lancashire" (p. 137). Be it also remembered that our author gave the same praise (p. 4) to the *Mindiffe* (Mendip hills, north of Glastonbury) coal extracted in the neighborhood of Warminster. Her attention being alive to all sorts of mineral produce, she names the marble quarries of the Peak, of Cumberland (p. 163), of Plymouth (215), the black lead of Cumberland (p. 157), the stones known under the name of diamonds in Cornwall (p. 219), near Bristol (p. 201), and in the vast cavern of Oaky

hole (Wookey), one mile west of Wells, in Somersetshire, where she saw marvellous stalactites and "rocks Glistening and Shining Like Diamonds and Alabaster" (p. 205).

In her journey through Cheshire and the salterns around Northwich, she says (p. 188): "They have within these few yeares found in their brine pitts a hard rocky salt that Lookes Clear Like Sugar Candy." She also visited all the other salt works of Nantwich, Middlewich and even Droitwich in Worcestershire. In household matters she describes (p. 136) the process by which ferns were allowed to grow even at the expense of agriculture, in order to be burnt and the ashes brought to market in the shape of balls, as substitutes for soda and soap. She is a quick observer of manufactures and a clear-sighted describer of all industrial processes, the "worstead trade, spinning and weaving at Kederminstor (Kidderminster), a large town (p. 195)," the knitting of stockings at Gloucester (p. 197), the serges at Exeter (p. 207), and the "Linnen Cloth and Cottenstickings w^{ch} is the manufacture of Manchester" (p. 187).

The description of such tracts as are of a hilly nature impresses the reader with a sense of exaggeration, as in the account given of the Malvern hills and the very tame Downs of Sussex. On her journeying from Halifax to Lancashire she says (p. 186): "That w^{ch} adds to the formidableness of Blackstone Edge is that on y^e one hand you have a vast precipice almost the whole way both as one ascends and descends, and in some places y^e precipice is on Either hand. This hill put me in mind of y^e description of the Alps in Italy and of y^e acc^d My father gave of those Alps when he passed

them and I could not but think this Carried some resemblance tho' in Little. From the foot of this Blackstone I went to Rochdale 4 miles a pretty neate town built all of stone. Here is a good Large Meeting place well filled ; these parts Religion does better flourish than in places where they have better advantages. Here I observed the Grounds were all Enclosed with Quicksetts cut smoothe and as Even on ffine Greene Bancks, and as well kept as for a Garden and so most my way to Manchester I Rode between such Hedges."

Let us now follow our author through those northern counties in which industry and trade have reared enormous cities which she saw in their infancy and describes with due regard for their laborious beginning. At Manchester she visited new churches, almshouses, well-kept schools for "blew Coate boys, drinking of their beer w^{ch} was very good, a very fine Schoole for young Gentlewomen as good as any in London, and music and dancing and things are very plenty here—this is a thriving place." Rudimentary collections of anatomy and natural history were an appendage to a school for surgeons.

Liverpool, visited on a previous trip, is described (p. 152) as a "very rich trading town, y^e houses of Brick and Stone built high and even that a streete quite through Lookes very handsome, after the London fashion—well pitched. There are abundance of persons you see well dressed and of good fashion, the streetes are faire and Long, its London in miniature as much as I ever saw any thing." From Liverpool and Preston, and from Lancaster, "a town old and much decay'd,"

we are to follow our bold tourist to the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland and content ourselves with a very sober tribute of admiration given (p. 165) to the scenery: "they are standing water with exceeding good fish." There is but one mention of the ill-fated *earle of Darentwater* (Derwentwater) whose domains were subsequently forfeited to the Crown after his rebellion, and, after a long picture of the now princely mansion of "Louder hall (Lowther hall)," she expatiates in very practical directions about the curing of the Charfish, the mode of potting it, the troublesome presence of rhye bread which always disagrees with her, and the complicated mode of kneading and baking those clap breads of northern counties.

The city of Carlisle is described at length with praise (p. 160) as gracefully watered by the river Emount (Eden). Celia Fiennes ventured over the Scotch border into the county of Dumfries, watered by the river Essex (Esk), and it required no little amount of boldness to do that at a time of permanent disturbance, poaching and smuggling, among outlaws and about ten years before the Union, which scarcely put an end to that unsafe condition of affairs. The consequence was sloth and poverty. The roads were mere paths, affording but little convenience to the solitary traveller across dreary heaths. The paths were no longer provided with those posts and hands, which remind us of Dr. Syntax setting out on his travels and consulting them when in forlorn ignorance of the way he was to take. "These (Scotch) people," says C. F., "tho' with naked leggs are yet wrapp'd in plodds (plaids) a piece of woollen Like a Blanket, or Else rideing hoods—and

this when they are in their houses. I took them for people which were sick, seeing two or three great wenches as tall and big as any woman sat hovering between their bed and Chimney corner, all idle doing nothing tho' it was nine of the clock when I came thither, having gone seven long miles that morning—they have no chimneys, their smoke comes out all over the house and there are great holes in the sides w^{ch} Letts out the Smoake.—Not withstanding the cleaning of their parlour for me I was not able to bear the roome; the smell of the hay was a perfume and I rather Chose to see my horses Eate their provender in the stable. My Landlady offered me a good dish of ffish and brought me butter with the Clap bread, but I could have no stomach to Eate.—So I bought the ffish She got for me w^{ch} was full Cheape Enough, nine pence for two pieces of Salmon halfe a one near a yard Long, and a very Large trout of an amber Collour, soe drinking w^{out} Eating some of their wine which was exceedingly good Claret (smuggled of course) and indeed it was the best and truest Ffrench wine I have drank these seven year, I had the first tapping of y^e Little wessell and it was very ffine and clear. Thence giving up my intended journey to Edenboroug I took my ffish to carry it to a place for the English to dress it and re-pass'd the Sark and the Essex."

Due praise is given to the beauty of the cathedral of Durham where she noticed "severall ceremonyes and rites retained from the tymes of the papists who are numerous, but its New Castle that has the greate meeting place and many Descenters; they have two very eminent men one of their name was D^r Gilpin whose

book I have read in." Thence entering Yorkshire our traveller comes to Richmond, crowned by the ruins of an old castle, but "so decayed and sad shattered that it is like a disregarded place and there were only two good houses, one belonging to M. Darcy the Earl of Holderness's brother."

Celia Fiennes's repeated journeys to Yorkshire had been prompted by the care of her health and the use of the mineral springs of Haragate (Harrowgate) and Knaresborough, and here again, as well as at the Holy well of St. Winifred, some superstitious feelings as well as worldly views brought Catholic pilgrims to resort to those *spaws* which she calls "stincking on account of Brimstone. Bones are secretly dug out of the ruins of an old abbey and taken away as sanctifying relics."

In praise of Leeds our traveller has much to say, being fond of new cities, as "it is a Large town, severall Large and broad Streetes, Cleane and well pitch^d and good houses all built of stone. This is esteemed the wealthiest town of its bigness in the Country its manufacture is the woollen cloth, in which they are all employed and are esteemed very Rich and very proud; here if one calls for a tankard of Ale w^{ch} is always a groate, their Ale is very strong, but for paying this Groate for your Ale you may have a slice of meate or Else butter and Cheese gratis into the Bargaine—This town is full of discenters, there are two large meeting places, here also a good schoole for young gentlewomen." She says quite as much of several towns in Devonshire and Cornwall, those western parts in which Monmouth found the greatest number of his adherents,

and Jeffreys made the greatest number of his victims under James II.

Of the now large and prosperous city of Halifax she writes "she resolved not to goe to that ragged and almost ruined town (p. 186) and y^e Engine that town was famous for to behead their Criminalls at one Stroake wth a pully was destroyed since their Charter was taken from them." Few people are aware that the *guillotine* was not of French origin. She does full justice and gives a full tribute of praise to the beauty of York Minster, especially to the vast proportions of the lofty windows which adorn the Quire (Choir) and to their pictures, but she finds fault with the narrow streets and the old-fashioned houses too much clustered together and the bridge over the river Uise (Ouse) which is obstructed, being built upon with houses as was the old London Bridge and the bridge over the Avon at Bristol, while she praises the bridge over the Medway at Rochester for the reverse. From the few lines given to York Minster she soon goes astray (p. 58, 66, 68, 69 and 74, 77, 198) on fish cooking, codfish, salmon, pigs of Rippon and Chesterfield ale "generally esteemed the best in the Kingdom." She mistakes the river Derwent in Yorkshire for the one which flows through Derbyshire.

She experiences a special and well-deserved fondness for Herrifordshire (Herefordshire), which she repeatedly visited, not indeed exclusively for its smiling landscape, but also for its fruitful orchards (p. 8) and its skilful method of cider pressing. She several times mentions (p. 33, 287, 191 and 268) the Man-born or Manbern Hills (Malvern hills) which rise *like the Alps* between Herefordshire and Worcester-

shire and "seem vastly higher than these in the neighbourhood of London and whose descent is as long and steep in some places as its riseing was." As a compensation for such comforting truisms and for a dry and prosaic description (p. 196) of the New House built at Stoake by her relation, M^r Folies, let us borrow a few lines which were written at the same spot by Motley (Letters II., p. 298) when he spent a few days at Madresfield Court, "an old moated house dating far back into the Plantagenet days, belonging to Lord Beauchamp, who took me one day to visit Witley, the magnificent place of Lord Dudley, which I did not admire. They say that £200,000 have been spent in remodelling and furnishing it since he bought it of Lord Foley. But it is altogether too smart, gilt gingerbread. We ascended to the summit of the Malvern hills, and enjoyed the view over the smiling hills of Herefordshire on one side with the hills of Wales in the background and the wide sweep and beautiful highly cultivated hills and dales of Gloucestershire, Worcestershire and I know not what else. Another day I went with Lord Beauchamp to Worcester to visit the cathedral, which is not a very admirable church. We went duly through the famous Worcestershire potteries, passing on the road a splendid villa built by the proprietor of the Worcester Sauce and subsequently I went with Lord Beauchamp to Tewkesbury, famous for the bloody meadow fight, for its beautiful, stately, most imposing Norman Abbey and for its mustard." *Sic transit gloria.* Celia Fiennes' crooked journeys, which we cannot but envy her, led her to many of the finest middle age monuments, which are very dryly disposed of; the abbey of S^t Alban's (p. 98) out

of repair, the Cross at Coventry (p. 91, 92),—Warwick with the monument of the “great Earle of Leisters and his Ladyes in stone curiously.”

As she includes a trip to Cornwall in the Diary of her *Great Northern Journey* we must still follow her westwards. Over hills and vales and through the *lanes* of Somerset and Devonshire does she approach Exeter, conspicuous only from a distance of one mile, with the river Ex and its estuary further on. She expatiates on its prosperous industry : “ Exeter is a town very well built ; the streetes spatious and noble are well pitch’d, and a vast trade is carried on ; as Norwich is for crapes and Damaske, soe this is for serges. There is an Incredible quantity of them made and sold in the town. It turns the most money in a weeke of anything in England. One weeke with another there is 10,000 pounds paid in ready money, sometymes 15,000 pounds. The weavers bring to market their serges and must have their money w^{ch} they Employ to provide them yearne to go to work again.” She describes to perfection the intricacies and beauties of Plymouth harbor, and she saw in the distance Eddystone Lighthouse building “with God’s mercy,” p. 215.

On the year following that protracted journey C. Fiennes accomplished a much shorter one in the Metropolis and its vicinity, to Windsor, Eton, etc., giving us a full and minute description of the municipal constitution of the City of London, its regulations and ceremonies, Houses of Parliament, Inns of Courts and Courts of Law, the pageantry of the coronation ; and shows herself fully conversant with those practical business matters.